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P O E T I C A L
W O R K S .

O F
ALEXANDER POPE, Esq.

V O L U M E 1.

CONTAINING HIS
JUVENILE POEMS.

G L A S G O W :

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THE SECOND VOLUME

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A Discourse on Pastoral Poetry

by the Rev. Mr. [Name]

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Addressed, the Third Pastoral

Winter, the Fourth Pastoral

Discourse, a Sacred Eulogy in imitation of Vir-

gil's Poësis

Winnipeg-George L. M. E.

Ode on St. Cecilia's Day

Two Odes to the Tragedy of Brutus

Ode on [Name]

The Young Christian to his Soul, an Ode

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A
DISCOURSE
ON
PASTORAL POETRY.*

THERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the Critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that Age which succeeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably *pastoral*†. It is natural to imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solita-

* Written at sixteen years of age.

† Fontenelle's Disc. on Pastorals.

ry and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which, by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both*; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but still short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this Poem consists in simplicity†; brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an Eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this Idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of

* Heinsius in Theocrit.

† Rapin de Carm. Past. p. 2.

what they call the Golden Age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet further, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the Gods should shine through the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short *, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some knowledge in rural affairs is discovered †. This may be made rather to appear done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is inviting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the Idea of that business, as the tranquillity of a country life.

* Rapsin, Reflex. sur l' Art Poet. d' Arist. p. 2. Reflex. xxvii.

† Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries †. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way; but a regard must be had to the subject; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety §. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country; by interrogations to things inanimate; by beautiful digressions, but those short; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances; and, lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

† Fontenelle's Disc. of Pastorals.

§ See the forementioned Preface.

city. The subjects of his *Idyllia* are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers* and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first Pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth *Idyllia*. But it is enough that all others learned their excellence from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points, where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Tho' some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to†. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso in his

* ΘΕΡΙΣΤΑΙ, *Idyll.* x. and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ, *Idyll.* xxi.

† Rapin *Refl.* on *Arist.* part ii. *Refl.* xxvii.—Pref. to the *Ecl.* in Dryden's *Virg.*

country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human Life to the several Seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into Months, has obliged him to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth, for example) have nothing but their titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that variety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: that they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: that in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observed, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places

proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old Authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so, I hope, I have not wanted care to imitate.

PASTORALS.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR MDCCIV.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius! VIRG.

VOL. I.

A

†

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

PASTORAL

AND

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

BY

PASTORAL

AND

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST

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S P R I N G:

T H E

F I R S T P A S T O R A L,

O R,

D A M O N.

T O

S I R W I L L I A M T R U M B A L.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian muses sing;
Let vernal airs thro' trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too-wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades yon tune the lyre:
So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,

But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th' ærial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the Muse,
Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair :
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day !
Why sit we mute, when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring ?
Why sit we sad, when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year ?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow ;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines :
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year ;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie ?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the muses sing,
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
 Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
 Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phoebus, in my Delia's praise,
 With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
 A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,
 That threats a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
 And make my tongue victorious as her eyes;
 No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,
 Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
 Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
 But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
 And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,
 She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
 While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
 How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
 And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
 Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,
 Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
 Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
 If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,
 Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All Nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
 Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;
 If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,
 The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

DAPHNIS.

All Nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
 The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
 If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
 And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In Spring the fields, in Autumn hills I love,
 At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
 But Delia always; absent from her sight,
 Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like Autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
 More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
 Ev'n Spring displeases, when she shines not here;
 But blest with her, 'tis Spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,
 A wond'rous tree that sacred Monarchs bears:
 Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
 And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs, to which the Lily yields:
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend, for, Daphnis, I decree,
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so well!
Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! the gathering flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

S U M M E R.

T H E

SECOND PASTORAL,

O R,

A L E X I S.

TO DR. GARTH.

A Shepherd's boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naïds wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O Garth, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phoebus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing,
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The sultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal Winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I sought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:
But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!

Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring!
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.
For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design,
And in one garland all their beauties join;
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending Gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly bow'rs;
When weary reapers quit the sultry field,
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosie dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.

Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the Pow'rs above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat,
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye Gods! and is their no relief for love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

AUTUMN:

THE

THIRD PASTORAL,

OR,

HYLAS AND AEGON.

TO MR. WYCHERLEY.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beach displays,
Hylas and Aegon sung their rural lays;
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love,
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hylas and Aegon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Meander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,
Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!
Oh, skill'd in nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phoebus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
 As some sad turtle his lost love deploras,
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song;
 For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
 For her, the lillies hang their heads, and die.
 Ye flowers that droop, forsaken by the spring,
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,
 Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,
 Say, is not absence death to those who love?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
 Fade every blossom, wither every tree,
 Die every flower, and perish all, but she.
 What have I said? where'er my Delia flies,
 Let spring attend, and sudden flowers arise;
 Let opening roses knotted oaks adorn,
 And liquid amber drop from every thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
 The birds shall cease to tune their evening song,
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
 And streams to murmur, e'er I cease to love.
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
 Not balmy sleep to labourers faint with pain,
 Not showers to larks, or sun-shine to the bee,
 Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
 Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
 Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,
 Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
 Ye powers, what pleasing phrenzy sooths my mind!
 Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?
 She comes, my Delia comes!—now cease my lay,
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd;
 Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
 Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:
 Here where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
 Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies;
 While labouring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
 In their loose traces from the field retreat:
 While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,
 And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
 Beneath yon' poplar oft we past the day:
 Oft on the rind I carv'd her amorous vows,
 While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:
 The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;
 So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
 Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,
 Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
 And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
 Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
 Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!

The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey"—

Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,

Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep.

Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,

Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?

What eyes but hers, alas, have power to move!

And is there magic but what dwells in love!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!

I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flowery plains.

From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,

For sake mankind, and all the world—but love!

I know thee, love! on foreign mountains bred,

Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed.

Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,

Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!

Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!

One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains,

No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

Thus sung the shepherds till th' approach of night,

The skies yet blushing with departing light,

When falling dews with spangles deck the glade,

And the low sun had lengthen'd every shade.

W I N T E R.
T H E
FOURTH PASTORAL,
O R,
D A P H N E.

To the Memory of Mrs. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murmuring spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.

Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
Whilst silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the listening Dryads to the plain?
Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;
Ye weeping loves, the stream with myrtles hide,
And break you bows, as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:

"Let nature change, let heaven and earth deplore,
"Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!"

'Tis done, and Nature's various charms decay,
See gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day!
Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See, where on earth the flowery glories lie,
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,
The silver swans their helpless fate bemoan,
In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies;

Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from evening skies,
Nor morning odours from the flowers arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy Zephyrs silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mountain larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, listening, in mid air suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays:
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,
A sweeter music than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in every plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood;
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high
Above the clouds, above the starry sky!
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!

There while you rest in amaranthine bowers,
Or from those meads select unfading flowers,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,
In some still evening, when the whispering breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees.
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes encrease my fleecy breed.
While plants their shade, or flowers their odours give,
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,
Time conquers all, and we must time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves,
Adieu, ye shepherds' rural lays and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
Daphne, farewell; and all the world adieu!

M E S S I A H,

A

SACRED ECLOGUE,

IN IMITATION OF

VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

M E S S I A H

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SACRED ECLOGUE

IN IMITATION OF

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M E S S I A H,

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S A C R E D E C L O G U E,

In Imitation of VIRGIL's *POLLIO*.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:

To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.

The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,

The dreams of Pindus and th'Aonian maids,

Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire

Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:

A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

From ¹ Jesse's root behold a branch arise,

Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:

Th'Ætherial Spirit o'er its leaves shall move,

And on its top descends the mystic Dove.

From ² heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,

And in soft silence shed the kindly shower!

The ³ sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,

From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.

All crimes shall cease, and antient fraud shall fail;

Returning ⁴ Justice lift aloft her scale;

¹ Isai. ch. 11. ver. 1. ² Ch. 45. ver. 8. ³ Ch.

3. ver. 4. ⁴ Ch. 9. v. 7.

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heaven descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing Spring:
 See lofty ⁵ Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance:
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flowery top perfumes the skies.
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
 Prepare the ⁶ way! a God, a God appears:
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains, and ye vallies, rise;
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
 Be smooth ye rocks; ye rapid floods give way!
 The Saviour comes! by antient bards foretold:
 Hear ⁷ him, ye deaf, and, all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
 'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear:
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear,
 From every face he wipes off every tear.

⁵ Ch. 35. ver. 2. ⁶ Ch. 40. ver. 3, 4. ⁷ Ch.
 42. ver. 18. Ch. 35. ver. 5, 6.

In ⁸ adamantine chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th' eternal wound.
 As the good ⁹ shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd ¹⁰ father of the future age.
 No more shall ¹¹ nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful ¹² son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd fire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren ¹³ deserts with surprize
 See lillies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks the dragon's late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.

⁸ Ch. 25. ver. 8. ⁹ Ch. 40. ver. 11. ¹⁰ Ch. 9.
 ver. 6. ¹¹ Ch. 2. ver. 4. ¹² Ch. 65. ver. 21, 22.
¹³ Ch. 35. ver. 1, 7.

Waste ¹⁴ sandy vallies, once perplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn :
 To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
 And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
 The ¹⁵ lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
 And boys in flowery bands the tyger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless ¹⁶ serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial ¹⁷ Salem, rise!
 Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
 See a long ¹⁸ race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons, and daughters yet unborn,
 In crouding ranks on every side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barbarous ¹⁹ nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of ²⁰ Sabaeon springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold on Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!

¹⁴ Ch. 41. ver. 19. and ch. 55. ver. 13. ¹⁵ Ch.
¹¹ ver. 6, 7, 8. ¹⁶ Ch. 65. ver. 25. ¹⁷ Ch. 60.
 ver. 1. ¹⁸ Ch. 60. ver. 4. ¹⁹ Ch. 60. ver. 3.
²⁰ Ch. 60. ver. 6.

No more the rising ²¹ sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts: the LIGHT himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine!
 The ²² seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
 But fix'd his word, his saving power remains;
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns!

²¹ Ch. 60. ver. 19, 20. ²² Ch. 51. ver. 6. and
 Ch. 54. ver. 10.

ADVERTISEMENT.

IN reading several passages of the prophet Isaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ, and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pollio* of Virgil. This will not seem surprising, when we reflect, that the *Eclogue* was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Isaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation.

Verse 8. *A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, etc.)* Virg. *Ecl.* 4. ver. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;
Jam nova progenies coelo demittitur alto.

Te dūce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras—
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

‘ Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Sa-
turn returns, now a new progeny is sent down from
high heaven. By means of thee, whatever reliques of
our crimes remain, shall be wiped away, and free
the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the
earth in peace, with the virtues of his father.’

Isaiah, Ch. 7. v. 14. ‘ Behold a Virgin shall con-
ceive and bear a Son.—Ch. 9. ver. 6, 7. Unto us a
Child is born, unto us a Son is given; the Prince of
Peace: of the increase of his government, and of
his peace, there shall be no end: Upon the throne
of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to
stablish it, with judgment and with justice, for ever
and ever.’

V. 23. See *Nature hastes*, etc.] Virg. E. 4. v. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,
Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,
Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho—
Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

‘ For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being
tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy,
mixed with Baccar, and Colocasia with smiling A-
canthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers
about thee.’

Isaiah, Ch. 35. v. 1. 'The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose. Ch. 60. v. 13. The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy sanctuary.'

V. 29. *Hark! a glad voice, etc.]* Virg. E. 4. v. 46.

Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum—
Ipsi laetitia voces ad sidera jactant

Intensi montes, ipsae jam carmina rupes,

Ipsa foveant arbuta, Deus, deus ille Menalca!

E. 5. v. 61.

'Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great increase of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, a God, a God!'

Isaiah, Ch. 40. ver. 3. 4. 'The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make straight in the desert a high-way for our God! Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain. Ch. 4. ver. 23. Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel.'

V. 67. *The swain in barren deserts*] Virg. E. 4. v. 38.

Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,
Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,
Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

'The fields shall grow yellow with ripened ears,
and the ripe grape shall hang upon the wild bram-
bles, and the hard oaks shall distil honey like dew.'

Isaiah, Ch. 35. v. 7. 'The parched ground shall
become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of wa-
ter: In the habitations where dragons lay, shall be
grasses, and reeds and rushes. Ch. 55. v. 13. Instead
of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead
of the briar, shall come up the myrtle-tree.'

V. 77. *The lambs with wolves, etc.*] Virg. E. 4. v. 21.

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ
Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones—
Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni
Occidet.—

'The goats shall bear to the fold their udders di-
stended with milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of
the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the
herb that conceals poison shall die.'

Isaiah, Ch. 11. ver. 6. *etc.* 'The wolf shall dwell
with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with
the kid, and the calf, and the young lion, and the

- ‘fatling together, and a little child shall lead them.—
 ‘And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the
 ‘sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and
 ‘the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of
 ‘the cockatrice.’

V. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem rise!*]

The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest part of his Pollio.

Magnus ab integro seclorum nascitur ordo!

—toto surget gens aurea mundo!

—incipient magni procedere menses!

Aspice, venturo laetentur ut omnia sacclo! *etc.*

The reader needs only turn to the passages of Isaiah, as they are cited in the margins of the preceding Eclogue.

WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

Non injussa cano: Te nostrae, Vare, myricae,
Te Nemus omne canet; nec Phoebus gratior ulla est,
Quam sibi quae Vari praescripsit pagina nomen.

VIRG.

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WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

THY forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,
At once the monarch's and the muse's seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid, O muses, bring!
What muse for Granville can refuse to sing?

The groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress.
There, interspers'd in lawns and opening glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.

Here in full light the russet plains extend :
 There, wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend.
 Even the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
 And midst the desert, fruitful fields arise,
 That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
 The weeping amber, or the balmy tree,
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his towering height,
 Than what more humble mountains offer here,
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
 And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey,
 And kings more furious and severe than they;
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods :
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.)
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
 And even the elements a tyrant sway'd?

In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft showers distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;
The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.

What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?

Both doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled,
But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.

Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,

A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:

Our haughty Norman boasts that barbarous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.

The fields are ravish'd from th' industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:

The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;

The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;

Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;

O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind;

The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,

And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.

Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,

Th'oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,

Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,

And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.

Whom even the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,

The wanton victims of his sport remain.

But see, the man, whose spacious regions gave

A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave!

Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,

At once the chafer, and at once the prey:

Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries,
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
 Then gathering flocks on unknown mountains fed,
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,
 The forests wonder'd at th' unusual grain,
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your blood
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
 And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds.
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
 But when the tainted gales the game betray,
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,
 'Till hovering o'er them sweeps the swelling net.
 Thus, (if small things we may with great compare)
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war,
 Some thoughtless Town, with ease and plenty blest
 Near, and more near the closing lines invest;
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:

Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
 Ah! what avails his glossy, varying dyes,
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes.
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
 Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
 (Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
 And learn of man each other to undo.)
 With slaughter'd guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,
 When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
 Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
 And lonely woodcocks haunt the watery glade.
 He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
 Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
 Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
 The clamorous lapwings feel the leaden death:
 Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
 They fall, and leave their little lives in air.
 In genial spring, beneath the quivering shade,
 Where cooling vapours breath along the mead,
 The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
 Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
 With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
 And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
 Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
 The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,

The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
 The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,
 And pykes, the tyrants of the watry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phoebus' fiery car:
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest-walks surround,
 Rouze the fleet hart, and chear the opening hound.
 Th' impatient courser pants in every vein,
 And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
 Hills, vales, and floods appear already crost,
 And e'er he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
 See the bold youth strain up the threatening steep,
 Rush thro' the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
 Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed,
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
 Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train;
 Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;
 Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,
 The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the Main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,
 And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
 Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
 Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
 Here buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
 Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;

(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,
 The muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)
 Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be known,
 But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
 A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
 Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire
 Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;
 As from the God she flew with furious pace,
 Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
 Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
 In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.
 Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;
 "Ah Cynthia! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,
 "Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
 "My native shades—there weep, and murmur there.

She said, and melting as in tears she lay,
 In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.
 'The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
 For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
 Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
 And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
 In her chaste current oft the goddess laves,
 And with celestial tears augments the waves.
 Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
 'The headlong mountains and the downward skies,
 'The watry landskip of the pendant woods,
 And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
 In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
 And floating forests paint the waves with green,
 'Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
 'Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames

Thou too, great father of the British floods!
 With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;
 Where towering oaks their growing honours rear,
 And future navies on thy shores appear.
 Not Neptune's self from all his streams receives
 A wealthien tribute, than to thine he gives.
 No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
 No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.
 Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
 While led along the skies his current strays,
 As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
 To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods:
 Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
 Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;

Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
 Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.
 Happy the man whom this bright court approves,
 His sovereign favours, and his country loves :
 Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the muse inspires ;
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
 Successive study, exercise, and ease.
 He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
 And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields :
 With chymic arts exalts the mineral powers,
 And draws the aromatic souls of flowers,
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high ;
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye ;
 Of antient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er :
 Or wandering thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wise and good,
 T' observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end ;
 Or looks on heaven with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
 Survey the region, and confess her home !
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
 Thus Atticus, and Trumbal thus retir'd.
 Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bowery mazes, and surrounding greens ;

To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on COOPER'S HILL.
 (On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall flow
 I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove,
 I hear soft music die along the grove:
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By godlike poets venerable made:
 Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung;
 There the last numbers flow'd from COWLEY's tongue
 O early lost! what tears the river shed,
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led?
 His drooping swans on every note expire,
 And on his willows hung each muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stop'd their heavenly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
 Who now shall charm the shades where COWLEY sung
 His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
 Are these reviv'd, or is it GRANVILLE sings!
 'Tis yours, my lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the muses to their antient seats;
 To paint anew the flowery sylvan scenes,
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,
 Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star.
 Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage,
 SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age:

Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heavenly Mira now.

Oh would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor bore,
 What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!

With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down thro' every age,
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,
 The lillies blazing on the regal shield:

Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
 Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,
 And, fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The Grave unites; where even the Great find rest,
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress'd!

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,
 (Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone)
 Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed,
 Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have bled?

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
 A dreadful series of intestine wars,
 Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars.
 At length great ANNA said—"Let Discord cease!"
 She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!

In that blest moment from his oozy bed
 Old father Thames advanc'd his reverend head.
 His tresses dropp'd with dews, and o'er the stream
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
 Grav'd on his urn, appear'd the moon, that guides
 His swelling waters, and alternate tides;
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
 And on her banks Augusta rose in gold.
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood!
 First the fam'd authors of his antient name,
 The winding Isis, and the fruitful Tame:
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
 The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd;
 Cole, whose dark streams his flowery islands lave;
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
 The gulphy Lee his sedgey tresses rears;
 And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
 The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise;

Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail long-expected days,
That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
From heaven itself tho' seven-fold Nilus flows,
And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
These now no more shall be the muse's themes,
Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,
Let barbarous Ganges arm a servile train;
Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
No more my sons shall dye with British blood
Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
Safe on my shore each unmolested swain
Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace;
The trumpet sleep, while chearful horns are blown,
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! th' ascending Villas on my side,
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
Behold! Augusta's glittering spires increase,
And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;

There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their wood
And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her Cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and born by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phoebus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people croud my wealthy tide,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore
*Till conquest cease, and slavery be no more;
*Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves,
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold.

kill'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of opening fate to light.
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flowery plains,
Where Peace descending bids her olive spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Even I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the listening swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

O D E

ON

T. CECILIA'S DAY.

M.DCC.VIII.

AND OTHER

PIECES FOR MUSIC.

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ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;

The breathing instruments inspire,

Take into voice each silent string,

And sweep the sounding lyre!

In a sadly-pleasing strain

Let the warbling lute complain:

Let the loud trumpet sound,

'Till the roofs all around

The shrill echoes rebound:

While in more lengthen'd notes and slow,

The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark! the numbers soft and clear

Gently steal upon the ear;

Now louder, and yet louder rise,

And fill with spreading sounds the skies;

Rolling in triumph now swell the bold notes,

Through broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;

'Till, by degrees, remote and small,

The strains decay,

And melt away,

In a dying, dying fall.

II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,
Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.
If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,
Music her soft, assuasive voice applies;
Or, when the soul is press'd with cares,
Exalts her in enlivening airs.
Warriors she fires with animated sounds;
Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:
Melancholy lifts her head,
Morpheus rouses from his bed,
Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,
Listening Envy drops her snakes;
Intestine war no more our Passions wage,
And giddy factions hear away their rage.

III.

But when our country's cause provokes to arms,
How martial music every bosom warms!
So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,
High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,
While Argo saw her kindred trees
Descend from Pelion to the main.
Transported demi-gods stood round,
And men grew heroes at the sound,
Inflam'd with glory's charms:
Each chief his seven-fold shield display'd,
And half unsheath'd the shining blade:
And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound
To arms, to arms, to arms!

IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,
Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds,

Love, strong as Death, the Poet led
To the pale nations of the dead,

What sounds were heard,

What scenes appear'd,

O'er all the dreary coasts!

Dreadful gleams,

Dismal screams,

Fires that glow,

Shrieks of woe,

Sullen moans,

Hollow groans,

And cries of tortur'd ghosts!

But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;

And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,

See, shady forms advance!

Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,

Ixion rests upon his wheel,

And the pale spectres dance!

The Furies sink upon their iron beds,

And snakes uncurl'd hang listening round their heads.

V.

By the streams that ever flow,

By the fragrant winds that blow

O'er th' Elysian flowers;

By those happy souls who dwell

In yellow meads of asphodel,

Or amaranthine bowers;

By the hero's armed shades,
 Glittering thro' the gloomy glades;
 By the youths that dy'd for love,
 Wandering in the myrtle grove,
 Restore, restore Eurydice to life:
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He sung, and hell consented
 To hear the poet's prayer;
 Stern Proserpine relented,
 And gave him back the fair:
 'Thus song could prevail
 O'er death, and o'er hell,
 A conquest how hard and how glorious?
 Tho' fate had fast bound her
 With Styx nine times round her,
 Yet music and love were victorious.

VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes:
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies!
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move?
 No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love.

Now under hanging mountains,
 Beside the falls of fountains,
 Or where Hebrus wanders,
 Rolling in Maeanders,
 All alone,
 Unheard, unknown,
 He makes his moan;
 And calls her ghost,
 For ever, ever, ever lost!

Now with Furies surrounded,
Despairing, confounded,
He trembles, he glows,
Amidst Rhodope's fnows:

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies;
Hark! Haemus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—

Ah see, he dies!

Yet even in death Eurydice he sung,
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
Eurydice the woods,
Eurydice the floods,
Eurydice the rocks and hollow mountains rung.

VII.

Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm:
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please:
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above.

This the divine Cecilia found,
And to her Maker's praise confin'd the sound.

When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,

Th' immortal powers incline their ear;

Born on the swelling notes our souls aspire,

While solemn airs improve the sacred fire;

And angels lean from heaven to hear.

Of Orpheus now no more let poets tell,

To bright Cecilia greater power is given;

His numbers rais'd a shade from hell,

Her's lift the soul to heaven.

T W O
C H O R U S ' S
T O T H E
T R A G E D Y O F B R U T U S .

C H O R U S O F A T H E N I A N S .

S T R O P H E I .

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal sages taught:
Where heavenly visions Plato fir'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtless walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses shades.

A N T I S T R O P H E I .

Oh heaven-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth and mystic Song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forfaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

S T R O P H E I I .

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;

Perhaps even Britain's utmost shore
 Shall cease to blush with strangers gore;
 See arts her savage sons controul,
 And Athens rising near the pole!

Till some new tyrant lifts his purple hand,
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball?
 Freedom and arts together fall;
 Fools grant whate'er ambition craves,
 And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
 Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
 In every age, in every state!

Still, when the lust of tyrant power succeeds,
 Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

C H O R U S

O F

Y O U T H S A N D V I R G I N S .

SEMICHORUS.

O H tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
 The prudent, learn'd and virtuous breast?
 Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,
 And arts but soften us to feel thy flame.
 Love, soft intruder, enters here,
 But entering learns to be sincere.
 Marcus with blushes owns he loves,
 And Brutus tenderly reproves.

Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
Which Nature has impress?
Why Nature dost thou soonest fire
The mild and generous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
The Gods and Brutus bend to love:
Brutus for absent Portia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love? a transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust,
A vapour fed from wild desire,
A wandering, self-consuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite;
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh source of every social tye,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend?
Whether his hoary sire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
Or views his smiling progeny;
What tender passions take their turns,
What home-felt raptures move?
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With reverence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, distastes, surmizes,

Hence false tears, deceits, disguises,

Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes;

Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine :

Purest love's unwasting treasure,

Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,

Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;

Sacred Hymen! these are are thine.

Vol. I.

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O D E
O N
S O L I T U D E.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

THE
DYING CHRISTIAN
TO
HIS SOUL.
ODE.

I.

VITAL spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

THE
HISTORICAL
AND
GEOGRAPHICAL
DESCRIPTION
OF
THE
CITY
OF
NEW-YORK

IN
A
SERIES
OF
VOLUMES

BY
JAMES
MCCORMICK

Author of "The History of the City of New-York"

and "The History of the State of New-York"

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A N
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C R I T I C I S M.

Written in the year M.DCC.IX.

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P A R T I.

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That we are to study our own taste, and know the limits of it, ver. 46 to 67.

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A N
E S S A Y
O N

C R I T I C I S M.

TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But of the two, less dangerous is th' offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, but each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:

Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right;
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd:
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
 And some made coxcombs nature meant but fools.
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn critics in their own defence:
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
 Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.
 If Maevius scribble in Apollo's spight,
 There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
 Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
 Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learn'd witlings, numerous in our isle,
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal:
 To tell them, would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a critic's noble name,
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go;

Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.

One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft' in those confin'd to single parts.
Like kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more:
Each might his servile province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unnerring nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides;
Works with ~~not~~ show, and without pomp presides:
In some fair body thus th' informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in th' effects remains.

Some, to whom heaven in wit has been profuse,
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife,
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
 The winged courser, like a generous horse,
 Shews most true mettle when you check his course.

Those Rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
 Are nature still, but nature methodiz'd;
 Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
 By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just precepts thus from great examples given,
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from heav'n
 The generous critic fann'd the poet's fire,
 And taught the world with reason to admire.
 Then Criticism the Muses' handmaid prov'd,
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd;
 But following wits from that intention stray'd,
 Who could not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;
 Against the poets their own arms they turn'd,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd
 So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
 By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,

hold in the practice of mistaken rules,
 prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 For time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they:
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would
 steer,

Know well each ANCIENT's proper character;
 His fable, subject, scope in ev'ry page;
 Religion, country, genius of his age:
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Avail you may, but never criticize.

Let Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night;
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
 And trace the Muses upward to their spring.

Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind
 A work t' outlast immortal Rome design'd,
 Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
 And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:

But when t' examine ev'ry part he came,
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.

Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
 As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.

Learn hence from ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles Poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend,
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky Licence answer to the full
'Th' intent propos'd, that License is a rule.
'Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which, without passing through the judgment, gain
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of Nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made)
Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults:
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
The distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
But with th' occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, may seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
From each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
In all tongues consenting Paeans ring!
A praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Generations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
O may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
Glow while he reads, but trembles as he writes)

To teach vain wits a science little known,
T' admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak hand with strongest bias rules,
Is PRIDE, the never-failing vice of fools.

Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind
Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.

If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
'Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:

But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of Wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.

But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
In wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;

'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.

Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,
The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprize,
All comes united to th' admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.

As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T' avoid great errors, must the less commit:
 Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
 Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
 They talk of principles, but notions prize,
 And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
 A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
 Concluding all were desp'rate fots and fools,
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
 Our Author happy in a judge so nice,
 Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's advice:
 Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
 The manners, passions, unities; what not?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a combat in the lists left out.

"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the Knight,
 Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite.

"Not so by heav'n, (he answers in a rage)

"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage,
 So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.

"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice,
 Curious, not knowing, not exact but nice,
 Form short ideas; and offend in arts
 (As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,
 And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
 Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
 See glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
 The naked nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover every part,
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.
 True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,
 That oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
 Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind.
 Shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 And modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
 For works may have more wit than does 'em good,
 As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.
 Others for *Language* all their care expresses,
 And value books, as women men, for dress:
 Their praise is still,—the style is excellent:
 The sense, they humbly take upon content.
 Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
 False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 In gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
 The face of Nature we no more survey,
 All glares alike, without distinction gay:
 But true expression, like th' unchanging sun,
 Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable;

A vile conceit in pompous words express'd
 Is like a clown in regal purple drest:
 For diff'rent styles with diff'rent subjects sort,
 As several garbs, with country, town, and court.
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense;
 Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
 Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
 Unlucky, as Fungosa in the play,
 These sparks with aukward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandfires, in their doublets drest.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
 Alike fantastic, if too new or old:
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong
 In the bright Muse, tho' thousand charms conspire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
 These equal syllables alone require,
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
 While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;

Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
 In the next line, it "whispers thro' the trees:"
 In crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
 We have such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
 That's roundly smooth, or languishingly slow;
 And praise the easy vigour of a line,
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
 And those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
 'Tis not enough no harshness give offence,
 The sound must seem an Echo to the sense:
 'Tis the strain when Zephyr gently blows,
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
 The hoarse, rough verse should like a torrent roar.
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
 The line too labours, and the words move slow:
 So, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
 Skies o'er th' unpending corn, and skims along the main.
 How 'Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
 Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:

Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
 And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!
 The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
 At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shews great pride, or little sense;
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseat all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
 As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
 The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize;
 Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
 Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
 And force that sun but on a part to shine,
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
 Which from the first has shone on ages past,
 Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
 Tho' each may feel encreases and decays,
 And see now clearer and now darker days.
 Regard not then if wit be old or new,
 But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the town;

They reason and conclude by precedent,
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
 Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
 For praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
 All this servile herd, the worst is he
 That in proud dulness joins with quality.
 A constant Critic at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
 That woful stuff this madrigal would be,
 Some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?
 Let a lord once own the happy lines,
 How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
 Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
 The Vulgar thus thro' imitation err;
 As oft the Learn'd by being singular;
 So much they scorn the croud, that if the throng
 Chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
 Schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
 Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
 And always think the last opinion right.
 The Muse by these is like a Mistress us'd,
 This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
 While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,
 Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
 Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our fathers fools; so wise we grow;
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.

Once School-divines this zealous ille o'er-spread;
 Who knew most sentences was deepest read:
 Faith, gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted:
 Scotists and Thomists, now in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
 If Faith itself has different dresses worn,
 What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn
 Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit;
 And authors think their reputation safe,
 Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
 Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men.
 Parties in Wit attend on those of state,
 And public faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus;
 But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past;
 For rising merit will buoy up at last.
 Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
 New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
 Nay should great Homer lift his awful head.
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
 But like a shadow, proves the substance true:
 For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.

When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
 But even those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
 His praise is lost, who stays till all commend.
 Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.

No longer now that golden age appears,
 When patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:

Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
 And bare threescore is all even that can boast;

Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.

When the faithful pencil has design'd
 Some bright idea of the master's mind,

Where a new word leaps out at his command,
 And ready nature waits upon his hand;

When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light;

When mellowing years their full perfection give,
 And each bold figure just begins to live,

The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings,

As youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:

Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
 That gayly blooms, but even in blooming dries

What is this Wit, which must our cares employ?
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
 Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
 And still the more we give, the more requir'd;
 Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

 If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
 Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
 Of old, those met rewards, who could excell,
 And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
 'Tho' triumphs were to gen'als only due,
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
 Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
 And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
 Contending wits become the sport of fools:
 But still the worst with most regret commend,
 For each ill author is as bad a friend.
 To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
 Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!
 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
 Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
 Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
 To err is human, to forgive, divine!

 But if in noble minds some dregs remain
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain;
 Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.

No pardon vile obscenity should find,
 Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
 But dulness with obscenity must prove
 As shameful sure as impotence in love.
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large increase:
 When love was all an easy monarch's care;
 Wisdom at council, never in a war:
 His rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ;
 Gay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
 The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
 And not a mask went unimprov'd away:
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,
 And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
 The following licence of a foreign reign
 Had all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
 When unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
 Where heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
 Lest God himself should seem too absolute:
 Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
 And vice admir'd to find a flatterer there!
 Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,
 And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
 These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
 Let shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice;
 All seems infected that th' infected spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what Morals critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.

'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense;
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.
'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do.
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares, tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull;

such, without wit, are poets when they please,
 without learning they can take degrees.
 leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
 and flattery to fulsome dedicators,
 When, when they praise, the world believes no more,
 than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 and charitably let the dull be vain :
 Your silence there is better than your spite,
 for who can rail so long as they can write ?
 Still humming on, their drouzy course they keep,
 and lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
 False steps but help them to renew the race,
 as, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
 What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
 in sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 still run on poets, in a raging vein,
 even to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
 strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
 and rhyme with all the rage of impotence.

Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
 There are as mad, abandon'd critics too.
 The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always listening to himself appears.
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's Fables down to Dursley's Tales.
 With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.

Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
 Nay show'd his faults—but when would poets mend?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church-yard.
 Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead;
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
 Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
 But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Burst out, resistless, with a thundering tide.

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
 Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
 Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe:
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
 A knowledge both of books and human-kind;
 Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were critics; such the happy few,
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
 The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
 Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;
 He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
 Led by the light of the Maconian Star.
 Poets, a race long unconfined, and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,

Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd nature, should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.

He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.

Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with flegm:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line!

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find
The justest rules, and clearest method join'd:

Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,
But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.

An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reign'd,
 Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
 Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
 And arts still follow'd where her eagles flew;
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
 And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.
 With tyranny, then superstition join'd,
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind;
 Much was believ'd, but little understood,
 And to be dull was constru'd to be good;
 A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
 And the monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,
 (The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
 Stem'd the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
 And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each muse, in Leo's golden days,
 Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays,
 Rome's antient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
 Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.
 Then sculpture and her sister arts revive;
 Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
 With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
 A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
 Immortal Vida! on whose honour'd brow
 The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
 Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
 As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,
 Their antient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd;

Hence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
 And critic-learning flourish'd most in France:
 The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
 And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
 But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
 And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
 Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
 We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
 Yet some there were, among the sounder few
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
 Who durst assert the juster antient cause,
 And here restor'd wit's fundamental laws.
 Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
 "Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well."
 Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
 With manners generous as his noble blood;
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
 And every author's merit but his own.
 Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
 This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
 This praise at least a grateful muse may give:
 The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
 (Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
 But in low numbers short excursions tries:
 Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew:

Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame;
Averse alike, to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.
AN
HEROI-COMICAL
P O E M.

Written in the Year M.DCC.XII.

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T O

MRS. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

It will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offered to a bookseller, you had the good nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: this I was forced to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was intirely wanting to complete it.

The Machinery, madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Daemons are made to act in a Poem: for the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determin'd to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard

words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in a French book called *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size, is so like a novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four elements are inhabited by these spirits which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes, or Demons of Earth, delight in mischief; but Sylphs, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best condition'd creatures imaginable. For, they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these good Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Cantos, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loss of your hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The Human persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones: and the character of Belinda, as it is now managed, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many graces as there are in your Person, or in your mind, yet I could never hope it should pass through the world half so uncensured.

ed as You have done. But let its fortune be what
it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me
this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the tru-
est esteem,

MADAM,

Your most obedient,

Humble Servant,

A. POPE.

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T H E

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. MART.

C A N T O I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due:

This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view:

Light is the subject, but not so the praise,

If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel

A well-bred Lord t' assault a gentle Belle?

O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,

Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?

In tasks so bold, can little men engage,

And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,

And op'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:

Now lap-dogs gave themselves the rousing shake,

And sleepless lovers, just at twelve awake:

Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,

And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.

Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy rest:
'Twas he had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head.
A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night beau,
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one Vision touch thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught,
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
'T'o Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe.
Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,
'The light Militia of the lower sky:
'These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;

Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first Elements their Souls retire:
The sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name.
Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver Prude sinks, downward to a Gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd:
For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease,
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting Maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
When music softens, and when dancing fires?
'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace.
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
 Then gay ideas croud the vacant brain,
 While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
 And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a Beau.

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way,
 Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?
 When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
 They shift the moving Toy-shop of their heart; [strive,
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
 Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
 This erring mortals Levity may call,
 Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star

I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of Man! [long,

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read,
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.

First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.

A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;

Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.

Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear;

From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.

The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled and the white.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.

Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face:
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

T H E

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

C A N T O. II.

NOT with more glories, in th' aetherial plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
 Her nymphs, and well-drest youths around her shone,
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
 In her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those:
 Her smiles to none, to all she smiles extends;
 But she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazer strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Her graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide:
 But to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
 This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Flourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.

Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain his ends.

For this, ere Phoebus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breaths three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize;
'The Pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the water die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.

All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons strait his Denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds ærial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but zephyrs to the train beneath,
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft in the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Daemons hear!
Ye know the spherès, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' ærial kind.

Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky.
Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,

Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
 O'er o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
 Of these the chief the care of nations own,
 And guard with arms divine the British throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
 To steal from rainbows, e'er they drop in showers,
 A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight;
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
 Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade;
 Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
 Or whether heaven has doom'd that Shock must fall
 Haste then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
 The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;

The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clog'd he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivel'd flower:
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

T H E

RAPE OF THE LOCK

C A N T O III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste a while the pleasures of a court;
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that*.

Mean while, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;

The merchant from th' exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventrous knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.

Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.

Soon as she spreads her hand, th'aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:

First Ariel perch'd upon a matadore,
Then each according to the rank he bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their antient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard;
And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flower,
Th' expressive emblem of a softer power;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her fable matadores,
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.

Him *Basso* follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump and one *Plebeian* card.
 With his broad *fabre* next, a chief in years,
 The hoary majesty of *spades* appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
 Even mighty *Pam*, that kings and queens o'erthrew,
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of *Lu*,
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade!

Thus far both armies to *Belinda* yield;
 Now to the *Baron* fate inclines the field.
 His warlike *Amazon* her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of *spades*.
 The club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs in state unwieldy spread;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The *Baron* now his diamonds pours apace;
 Th' embroider'd king who shews but half his face,
 And his refulgent queen, with powers combin'd
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
 Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
 Of *Asia's* troops, and *Afric's* fable sons,

With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the queen of hearts.
At this the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Hurt in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.

And now, (as oft in some distemper'd state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate.

An ace of hearts steps forth: the king unseen
Lark'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive queen:
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace.

The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.

Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;

On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:

From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoaking tide:

At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.

Strait hover round the fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
 Some o'er her lap the careful plumes display'd,
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee (which makes the politician wife)
 And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
 New stratagems the radiant Lock to gain.
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill?
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
 So ladies, in romance, assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
 He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers ends;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' ideas rising in her mind,

Sadden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his power expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
T'inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
Even then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lap-dogs breath their last;
Or when rich China vessels fallen from high,
In glittering dust, and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!

Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
 And strike to dust th' imperial towers of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
 The conquering force of unresisted steel?

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T H E

RAPE OF THE LOCK.

C A N T O IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.

Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pin'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravish'd hair.

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever fully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.
Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No chearful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,

She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an antient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.
There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And chrystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs, on every side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm hold out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;

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VOL. I.

Men prove with child, as powerful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.
Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleen-wort in his hand.
Then thus address'd the power—Hail wayward Queen!
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who gave th' hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen.
The Goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his prayer.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;

There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, passions, and the war of tongues,
 A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
 Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
 And all the furies issu'd at the vent.
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
 O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and cry'd,
 (While Hampton's echoes, Wretched maid! reply'd)
 Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
 For this your locks in paper durance bound,
 For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
 Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!
 Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost!
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!

And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze!

Sooner shall grafs in Hyde-park circus grow,
 And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
 (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out — ' My lord, why, what the
 ' devil?

' Z——ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be
 ' civil!

' Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox?

' Give her the hair'—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)

Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.

But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,

(Which never more shall join its parted hair;

Which never more its honours shall renew,

Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)

That while my nostrils draw the vital air,

This hand which won it, shall for ever wear.

He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread

The long-contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
 He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
 Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
 Her eyes half-langishing, half-drown'd in tears;
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
 Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said:

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
 Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
 If Hampton-court these eyes had never seen!
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid
 By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
 Oh had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
 In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
 Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
 'There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
 Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
 What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
 Oh had I stay'd, and said my prayers at home!
 'Twas this, the morning omens seem to tell,
 Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
 The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
 Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
 A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
 In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
 See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
 My hands shall rend what even thy rapine spares:
 These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
 Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;

The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
 And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
 It curl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,
 And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
 Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

THE
RAPE OF THE LOCK.

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears.

But Fate and Jove had stop'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.

Say, why are beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd beaux,
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small pox, or chas'd old age away;
Who would not scorn what house-wife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?

To patch, may ogle, might become a faint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd, or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
What then remains, but well our power to use,
And keep good humour still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensu'd;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes and heroines shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapon in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts wick human passions rage;
Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
 Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight :
 Propt on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
 The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,
 A beau and witling perish'd in the throng,
 One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.
 ' O cruel nymph ! a living death I bear,'
 Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
 A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
 ' These eyes are made so killing'—was his last.
 Thus on Macander's flowery margin lies
 Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
 Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown ;
 She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,
 But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
 Weighs the mens wits against ths lady's hair ;
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ;
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes :
 Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold lord with manly strength endu'd,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd :
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw ;

The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Harden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
The same, his antient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandfire wore about his neck,
Three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she gingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
(Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)
Wast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.
Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Scar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
Not see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
No heaven decrees! with heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
 There hero's wits are kept in pondrous vases,
 And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
 There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
 And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound,
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's prayers,
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the muse—she saw it upward rise,
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
 (So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
 To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
 A sudden star, that shot thro' liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
 Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
 The heavens bespangling with dishevel'd light.
 The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
 And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
 And hail with music its propitious ray.
 This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
 This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks thro' Galilaco's eyes;
 And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
 The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. [hair]

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravish'd
 Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!

Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
Nor, after all the murders of your eye,
Then, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock, the muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

E L E G Y

To the MEMORY of an

UNFORTUNATE LADY.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light
shade

Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?

'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,

Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?

Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,

Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,

To act a lover's or a Roman's part?

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,

For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye Powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;

The glorious fault of angels and of gods:

Thence to their images on earth it flows,

And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.

Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,

Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:

Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years

Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;

Like Eastern kings a lazy state they keep,

And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.

As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.

Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent heres shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
(While the long fun'rals blaken all the way)

Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.

Thus unlamented pass the proud away,

The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!

So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow

For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)

Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?

No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear

Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier:

By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,

By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,

By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
 What tho' no friends in fable weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show?
 What tho' no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?
 What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow;
 While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of thee,
 'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall like those they sung,
 Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
 Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
 Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
 'Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
 And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,
 Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
 The Muse forgot, and thou be lov'd no more!

P R O L O G U E

T O

MR. ADDISON'S TRAGEDY

O F

C A T O.

TO wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was:

M 2

No common object to your sight displays,
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys,
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
 And greatly falling with a falling state.
 While Cato gives his little Senate laws,
 What bosom beats not in his Country's cause?
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed?
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
 Ev'n when proud Caesar 'midst triumphal cars,
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
 Ignobly vain and impotently great,
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state;
 As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast;
 The triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
 The world's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
 And honour'd Caesar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend: be worth like this approv'd,
 And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd,
 With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd;
 Your scene precariously subsists too long
 On French translation, and Italian song.
 Dare to have sense yourselves; assert the stage,
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
 Such plays alone should win a British ear,
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EP I L O G U E

T O

MR. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

Designed for Mrs. OLDFIELD.

PRODIGIOUS this! the Frail-one of our Play
From her own sex should mercy find to day!
You might have held the pretty head aside,
Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,
The Play may pass—but that strange creature, Shore,
I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore—
Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,
And thanks his stars he was not born a fool;
So from a sister sinner you shall hear,
“How strangely you expose yourself, my dear?”
But let my die, all raillery apart,
Our sex are still forgiving at their heart;
And, did not wicked custom so contrive,
We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive.

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale,
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;
Such rage without betrays the fire within;
In some close corner of the soul, they sin;
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice.

The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,
 Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.
 Would you enjoy soft nights, and solid dinners?
 Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sinners.

Well, if our Author in the Wife offends,
 He has a Husband that will make amends:
 He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,
 And sure such kind good creatures may be living.
 In days of old they pardon'd breach of vows,
 Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse:
 Plu—Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?
 Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his Wife:
 Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,
 He'd recommend her as a special breeder.
 To lend a wife, few here would scruple make,
 But, pray, which of you all would take her back?
 Tho' with the Stoic Chief our stage may ring,
 'The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.
 The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true,
 And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?
 'Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye,
 But the kind cuckold might instruct the City:
 There many an honest man may copy Cato,
 Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.

If, after all, you think it a disgrace
 That Edward's Miss thus perks it in your face;
 To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,
 In all the rest so impudently good;
 Faith let the modest Matrons of the town
 Come here in crouds, and stare the strumpet down.

S A P P H O

T O

P H A O N.

SAY, lovely youth, that do'st my heart command,
Can Phaon's eyes forget his Sappho's hand?
Must then her name the wretched writer prove,
To thy remembrance lost, as to thy love?
Ask not the cause that I new numbers chuse,
The lute neglected, and the Lyric muse;
Love taught my tears in sadder notes to flow,
And tun'd my heart to Elegies of woe.
I burn, I burn, as when thro' ripen'd corn
By driving winds the spreading flames are born.
Phaon to Ætna's scorching fields retires,
While I consume with more than Ætna's fires!
No more my soul a charm in music finds,
Music has charms alone for peaceful minds.
Soft scenes of solitude no more can please,
Love enters there, and I'm my own disease.
No more the Lesbian dames my passion move,
Once the dear objects of my guilty love;
All other loves are lost in only thine,
Ah youth ungrateful to a flame like mine!
Whom would not all those blooming charms surprize,
Those heav'nly looks, and dear deluding eyes?

The harp and bow would you like Phoebus bear,
 A brighter Phoebus Phaon might appear;
 Would you with ivy wreath your flowing hair,
 Not Bacchus' self with Phaon could compare:
 Yet Phoebus lov'd, and Bacchus felt the flame,
 One Daphne warm'd, and one the Cretan dame;
 Nymphs that in verse no more could rival me,
 Than ev'n those Gods contend in charms with thee.
 The Muses teach me all their softest lays,
 And the wide world resounds with Sappho's praise.
 Tho' great Alcæus more sublimely sings,
 And strikes with bolder rage the sounding strings,
 No less renown attends the moving lyre,
 Which Venus tunes, and all her loves inspire;
 To me what nature has in charms deny'd,
 Is well by wit's more lasting flames supply'd.
 Tho' short my stature, yet my name extends
 To heav'n itself, and earth's remotest ends.
 Brown as I am, an Ethiopian dame
 Inspir'd young Perseus with a gen'rous flame;
 Turtles and doves of diff'ring hues unite,
 And glossy jet is pair'd with shining white.
 If to no charms thou wilt thy heart resign,
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,
 By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd,
 Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd!
 Yet once thy Sappho could thy cares employ,
 Once in her arms you center'd all your joy:
 No time the dear remembrance can remove,
 For oh! how vast a memory has love?

My Music, then, you could for ever hear,
 And all my words were music to your ear.
 You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song.
 In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best;
 And the last joy was dearer than the rest.
 Then with each word, each glance, each motion fir'd,
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,
 Till all dissolving in the trance we lay,
 And in tumultuous raptures dy'd away.
 The fair Sicilians now thy soul inflame;
 Why was I born, ye Gods! a Lesbian dame?
 But ah, beware, Sicilian nymphs! nor boast
 That wand'ring heart which I so lately lost;
 Nor be with all those tempting words abus'd,
 Those tempting words were all to Sappho us'd.
 And you that rule Sicilia's happy plains,
 Have pity, Venus, on your poet's pains!
 Shall fortune still in one sad tenor run,
 And still increase the woes so soon begun?
 Immur'd to sorrow from my tender years,
 My parent's ashes drank my early tears:
 My brother next, neglecting wealth and fame,
 Ignobly burn'd in a destructive flame:
 An infant daughter late my griefs increas'd,
 And all a mother's cares distract my breast.
 Alas, what more could fate itself impose,
 But thee, the last and greatest of my woes?
 No more my robes in waving purple flow,
 Nor on my hand the sparkling diamonds glow;

No more my locks in ringlets curl'd diffuse
 The costly sweetness of Arabian dews,
 Nor braids of gold the varied tresses bind,
 That fly disorder'd with the wanton wind:
 For whom should Sappho use such arts as these?
 He's gone, whom only she desir'd to please!
 Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move,
 Still is there cause for Sappho still to love:
 So from my birth the Sisters fix'd my doom,
 And gave to Venus all my life to come;
 Or, while my Muse in melting notes complains,
 My yielding heart keeps measure to my strains.
 By charms like thine which all my soul have won,
 Who might not—ah! who would not be undone?
 For those Aurora Cephalus might scorn,
 And with fresh blushes paint the conscious morn.
 For those might Cynthia lengthen Phaon's sleep,
 And bid Endymion nightly tend his sheep.
 Venus for those had rapt thee to the skies,
 But Mars on thee might look with Venus' eyes.
 O scarce a youth, yet scarce a tender boy!
 O useful time for lovers to employ!
 Pride of thy age, and glory of thy race,
 Come to these arms, and melt in this embrace!
 The vows you never will return, receive;
 And take at least the love you will not give.
 See, while I write, my words are lost in tears!
 The less my sense, the more my love appears.
 Sure 'twas not much to bid one kind adieu,
 (At least to feign was never hard to you)

Farewell, my Lesbian love, you might have said;
 Or coldly thus, Farewell, oh Lesbian maid!
 No tear did you, no parting kiss receive,
 Nor knew I then how much I was to grieve.
 No lover's gifts your Sappho could confer,
 And wrongs and woes were all you left with her.
 No charge I gave you, and no charge could give,
 But this, Be mindful of our loves, and live.
 Now by the Nine, those pow'rs ador'd by me,
 And Love, the God that ever waits on thee,
 When first I heard (from whom I hardly knew)
 That you were fled, and all my joys with you,
 Like some sad statue, speechless, pale I stood,
 Grief chill'd my breast, and stopp'd my freezing blood;
 No sigh to rise, no tear had pow'r to flow,
 Fix'd in a stupid lethargy of woe:
 But when its way th' impetuous passion found,
 I rend my tresses, and my breast I wound;
 I rave, then weep; I curse, and then complain;
 Now swell to rage, now melt in tears again.
 Not fiercer pangs distract the mournful dame,
 Whose first-born infant feeds the fun'ral flame.
 My scornful brother with a smile appears,
 Insults my woes, and triumphs in my tears,
 His hated image ever haunts my eyes;
 And why this grief? thy daughter lives, he cries.
 Stung with my love, and furious with despair,
 All torn my garments, and my bosom bare,
 My woes, thy crimes, I to the world proclaim;
 Such inconsistent things are love and shame!

'Tis thou art all my care and my delight,
 My daily longing, and my dream by night:
 Oh night more pleasing than the brightest day,
 When fancy gives what absence takes away,
 And, dress'd in all its visionary charms,
 Restores my fair deserter to my arms!
 Then round your neck in wanton wreaths I twine,
 Then you, methinks, as fondly circle mine:
 A thousand tender words I hear and speak;
 A thousand melting kisses give, and take:
 Then fiercer joys, I blush to mention these,
 Yet, while I blush, confess how much they please.
 But when, with day, the sweet delusions fly,
 And all things wake to life and joy, but I,
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,
 And close my eyes to dream of you again:
 Then frantic rise, and like some Fury rove
 Thro' lonely plains, and thro' the silent grove,
 As if the silent grove, and lonely plains,
 That knew my pleasures, could relieve my pains.
 I view the Grotto, once the scene of love,
 The rocks around, the hanging roofs above,
 That charm'd me more, with native moss o'ergrown,
 Than Phrygian marble, or the Parian stone.
 I find the shades that veil'd our joys before;
 But, Phaon gone, those shades delight no more.
 Here the press'd herbs with bending tops betray
 Where oft entwin'd in am'rous folds we lay;
 I kiss that earth which once was press'd by you,
 And all with tears the with'ring herbs bedew.

For thee the fading trees appear to mourn,
 And birds defer their songs till thy return :
 Night shades the groves, and all in silence lie,
 All but the mournful Philomel and I :
 With mournful Philomel I join my strain,
 Of Tereus she, of Phaon I complain.

A spring there is, whose silver waters show,
 Clear as a glass, the shining sands below ;
 A flowery lotos spreads its arms above,
 Shades all the banks, and seems itself a grove ;
 Eternal greens the mossy margin grace,
 Watch'd by the sylvan genius of the place.
 Here as I lay, and swell'd with tears the flood,
 Before my sight a wat'ry virgin stood :
 She stood and cry'd, " O you that love in vain !
 " Fly hence, and seek the fair Leucadian main.
 " There stands a rock, from whose impending steep
 " Apollo's fane surveys the rolling deep ;
 " There injur'd lovers leaping from above,
 " Their flames extinguish, and forget to love.
 " Deucalion once with hopeless fury burn'd,
 " In vain he lov'd, relentless Pyrrha scorn'd :
 " But when from hence he plung'd into the main,
 " Deucalion scorn'd, and Pyrrha lov'd in vain.
 " Haste, Sappho, haste, from high Leucadia throw
 " Thy wretched weight, nor dread the deeps below !"
 She spoke, and vanish'd with the voice—I rise,
 And silent tears fall trickling from my eyes.
 I go, ye nymphs! those rocks and seas to prove ;
 How much I fear, but ah, how much I love !

I go, ye nymphs, where furious love inspires;
 Let female fears submit to female fires.
 To rocks and seas I fly from Phaon's hate,
 And hope from seas and rocks a milder fate.
 Ye gentle gales beneath my body blow,
 And softly lay me on the waves below!
 And thou, kind love, my sinking limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft wings, and waft me o'er the main,
 Nor let a lover's death the guiltless flood prophane!
 On Phoebus' shrine my harp I'll then bestow,
 And this inscription shall be plac'd below.
 " Here she who sung, to him that did inspire,
 " Sappho to Phoebus consecrates her lyre;
 " What suits with Sappho, Phoebus, suits with thee;
 " The gift, the giver, and the god agree."
 But why, alas, relentless youth, ah why
 To distant seas must tender Sappho fly?
 Thy charms than those may far more powerful be,
 And Phoebus' self is less a god to me.
 Ah! canst thou doom me to the rocks and sea,
 O far more faithless and more hard than they?
 Ah! canst thou rather see this tender breast
 Dash'd on these rocks than to thy bosom prest?
 This breast which once, in vain! you lik'd so well;
 Where the Loves play'd, and where the Muses dwell.
 Alas! the Muses now no more inspire,
 Untun'd my lute, and silent is my lyre;
 My languid numbers have forgot to flow,
 And fancy sinks beneath a weight of woe.
 Ye Lesbian virgins, and ye Lesbian dames,
 Themes of my verse, and objects of my flames,

No more your groves with my glad songs shall ring,
 No more these hands shall touch the trembling string :
 My Phaon's fled, and I those arts resign,
 (Wretch that I am, to call that Phaon mine!)
 Return, fair youth, return, and bring along
 Joy to my soul, and vigour to my song :
 Absent from thee, the poet's flame expires ;
 But ah ! how fiercely burn the lover's fires ?
 Gods ! can no prayers, no sighs, no numbers move
 One savage heart, or teach it how to love ?
 The winds my prayers, my sighs, my numbers bear,
 The flying winds have lost them all in air !
 Oh when, alas ! shall more auspicious gales
 To these fond eyes restore thy welcome sails ?
 If you return—ah why these long delays ?
 Poor Sappho dies while careless Phaon stays.
 O launch thy bark, nor fear the watery plain ;
 Venus for thee shall smooth her native main.
 O launch thy bark, secure of prosp'rous gales ;
 Cupid for thee shall spread the swelling sails.
 If you will fly—(yet ah ! what cause can be,
 Too cruel youth, that you should fly from me ?)
 If not from Phaon I must hope for ease,
 Ah let me seek it from the raging seas :
 To raging seas unpity'd I'll remove,
 And either cease to live or cease to love !

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E L O I S A

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A B E L A R D.

A R G U M E N T.

ABELARD and Eloisa flourished in the twelfth century; they were two of the most distinguished persons of their age in learning and beauty, but for nothing more famous than for their unfortunate passion. After a long course of calamities, they retired each to a several convent, and consecrated the remainder of their days to religion. It was many years after this separation, that a letter of Abelard's to a friend, which contained the history of his misfortune, fell into the hands of Eloisa. This awakening all her tenderness, occasioned those celebrated letters (out of which the following is partly extracted) which give so lively a picture of the struggles of grace and nature, virtue and passion.

IN these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,

And ever-musing melancholy reigns;
 What means this tumult in a Vestal's veins?
 Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
 Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
 Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
 And Eloïsa yet must kiss the name.

Dear fatal name! rest ever unreveal'd,
 Nor pass these lips in holy silence seal'd:
 Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
 Where mix'd with God's, his lov'd idea lies:
 O write it not my hand—the name appears
 Already written—wash it out, my tears!
 In vain lost Eloïsa weeps and prays,
 Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
 Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
 Ye rugged rocks! which holy knees have worn;
 Ye grotts and caverns shagg'd with horrid thorn!
 Shrines! where their vigils pale-ey'd virgins keep,
 And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
 Tho' cold like you, unmov'd and silent grown,
 I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
 All is not Heaven's, while Abelard has part,
 Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
 Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
 Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
 That well-known name awakens all my woes.
 Oh name for ever sad! for ever dear!
 Still breath'd in sighs, still usher'd with a tear.

I tremble too, where'er my own I find,
 Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
 Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
 Led thro' a sad variety of woe:
 Now warm in love, now with'ring in my bloom,
 Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
 There stern religion quench'd th' unwilling flame,
 There dy'd the best of passions, love and fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
 Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine.
 Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
 And is my Abelard less kind than they?
 Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare,
 Love but demands what else were shed in prayer;
 No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
 To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
 Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
 Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
 Some banish'd lover, or some captive maid;
 They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
 Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires,
 The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
 Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
 Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
 And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole.

Thou know'st how guiltless first I met thy flame,
 When Love approach'd me under Friendship's name;
 My fancy form'd thee of angelic kind,
 Some emanation of th' All-beauteous Mind.

Those smiling eyes, attemp'ring every ray,
 Shone sweetly lambent with celestial day.
 Guiltless I gaz'd; heaven listen'd while you sung;
 And truths divine came mended from that tongue.
 From lips like those what precept fail'd to move?
 Too soon they taught me 'twas no sin to love:
 Back thro' the paths of pleasing sense I ran,
 Nor wish'd an angel whom I lov'd a man.
 Dim and remote the joys of saints I see;
 Nor envy them that heaven I lose for thee.

How oft, when press'd to marriage, have I said,
 Curse on all laws but those which love has made!
 Love, free as air, at sight of human ties,
 Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies.
 Let wealth, let honour, wait the wedded dame,
 August her deed, and sacred be her fame;
 Before true passion all those views remove,
 Fame, wealth, and honour! what are you to love?
 The jealous god, when we prophane his fires,
 Those restless passions in revenge inspires,
 And bids them make mistaken mortals groan,
 Who seek in love for aught but love alone.
 Should at my feet the world's great master fall,
 Himself, his throne, his world, I'd scorn 'em all:
 Not Caesar's empress would I deign to prove;
 No, make me mistress to the man I love.

If there be yet another name more free,
 More fond than mistress, make me that to thee!
 Oh! happy state! when souls each other draw,
 When love is liberty, and nature law:

All then is full, possessing, and possess'd,
 No craving void left aking in the breast:
 Even thought meets thought, ere from the lips it part,
 And each warm wish springs mutual from the heart.
 This sure is bliss (if bliss on earth there be)
 And once the lot of Abelard and me.

Alas how chang'd! what sudden horrors rise!
 A naked lover bound and bleeding lies!
 Where, where was Eloïse! her voice, her hand,
 Her poniard had oppos'd the dire command.
 Barbarian, stay! that bloody stroke restrain;
 The crime was common, common be the pain.
 I can no more; by shame, by rage suppress,
 Let tears and burning blushes speak the rest.

Canst thou forget that sad, that solemn day,
 When victims at yon' altar's foot we lay?
 Canst thou forget what tears that moment fell,
 When, warm in youth, I bad the world farewell?
 As with cold lips I kiss'd the sacred veil,
 The shrines all trembled, and the lamps grew pale:
 Heaven scarce believ'd the conquest it survey'd,
 And saints with wonder heard the vows I made.
 Yet then, to those dread altars as I drew,
 Not on the cross my eyes were fix'd, but you:
 Not grace, or zeal, love only was my call,
 And if I lose thy love, I lose my all.
 Come! with thy looks, thy words, relieve my woe;
 Those still at least are left thee to bestow.
 Still on that breast enamour'd let me lie,
 Still drink delicious poison from thy eye,

Pant on thy lip, and to thy heart be prest;
 Give all thou canst—and let me dream the rest.
 Ah no! instruct me other joys to prize,
 With other beauties charm my partial eyes,
 Full in my view set all the bright abode,
 And make my soul quit Abelard for God.

Ah think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
 Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer.
 From the false world in early youth they fled,
 By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
 You rais'd these hallow'd walls; the desert smil'd,
 And paradise was open'd in the wild.
 No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
 Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
 No silver faints, by dying misers given,
 Here brib'd the rage of ill-requited heaven;
 But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
 And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
 In these lone walls (their days eternal bound)
 These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crown'd,
 Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
 And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
 Thy eyes diffus'd a reconciling ray,
 And gleams of glory brighten'd all the day.
 But now no face divine contentment wears,
 'Tis all blank sadness, or continual tears.
 See how the force of others prayers I try,
 (O pious fraud of amorous charity!)
 But why should I on others prayers depend?
 Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!

Ah let thy handmaid, sister, daughter move,
 And all those tender names in one, thy love!
 The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclin'd,
 Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind,
 The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
 The grotts that echo to the tinkling rills,
 The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
 The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
 No more these scenes my meditation aid,
 Or lull to rest the visionary maid.

But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
 Long-sounding isles, and intermingled graves,
 Black melancholy sits, and round her throws
 A death-like silence, and a dread repose;
 Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
 Shades ev'ry flower, and darkens ev'ry green,
 Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
 And breaths a browner horror on the woods.

Yet here for ever, ever must I stay;
 Sad proof how well a lover can obey!
 Death, only death, can break the lasting chain;
 And here, ev'n then, shall my cold dust remain;
 Here all its frailties, all its flames resign,
 And wait till 'tis no sin to mix with thine.

Ah wretch! believ'd the spouse of God in vain,
 Confess'd within the slave of love and man.
 Assist me, heaven! but whence arose that pray'r?
 Sprung it from piety, or from despair?
 Ev'n here, where frozen chastity retires,
 Love finds an altar for forbidden fires.

I ought to grieve, but cannot what I ought;
 I mourn the lover, nor lament the fault;
 I view my crime, but kindle at the view,
 Repent old pleasures, and solicit new;
 Now turn'd to heav'n, I weep my past offence,
 Now think of thee, and curse my innocence.
 Of all affliction taught a lover yet,
 'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!
 How shall I lose the sin, yet keep the sense,
 And love th' offender, yet detest th' offence?
 How the dear object from the crime remove,
 Or how distinguish penitence from love?
 Unequal task! a passion to resign,
 For hearts so touch'd, so pierc'd, so lost as mine!
 Ere such a soul regains its peaceful state,
 How often must it love, how often hate!
 How often hope, despair, resent, regret,
 Conceal, disdain,—do all things but forget?
 But let heaven seize it, all at once 'tis fir'd;
 Not touch'd, but rapt; not waken'd, but inspir'd!
 Oh come! oh teach me nature to subdue,
 Renounce my love, my life, myself—and you.
 Fill my fond heart with God alone, for he
 Alone can rival, can succeed to thee.
 How happy is the blameless vestal's lot?
 The world forgetting, by the world forgot:
 Eternal sun-shine of the spotless mind!
 Each prayer accepted, and each wish resign'd;
 Labour and rest, that equal periods keep;
 "Obedient slumbers that can wake and weep;"

Desires compos'd, affections ever even;
Tears that delight, and sighs that waft to heaven.
Grace shines around her with sereneſt beams,
And whiſp'ring angels prompt her golden dreams.
For her th' unfading roſe of Eden blooms,
And wings of ſeraphs ſhed divine perfumes,
For her the ſpouſe prepares the bridal ring,
For her white virgins hymenaeals ſing,
To ſounds of heavenly harps ſhe dies away,
And melts in viſions of eternal day.

Far other dreams my erring ſoul employ,
Far other raptures, of unholy joy :
When at the cloſe of each ſad, ſorrowing day,
Fancy reſtores what vengeance ſnatch'd away,
Then conſcience ſleeps, and leaving nature free,
All my looſe ſoul unbounded ſprings to thee.
O curſt, dear horrors of all-conſcious night!
How glowing guilt exalts the keen delight!
Provoking daemons all reſtraint remove,
And ſtir within me every ſource of love.
I hear thee, view thee, gaze o'er all thy charms,
And round thy phantom glue my claſping arms.
I wake :—no more I hear, no more I view,
The phantom flies me, as unkind as you.
I call aloud; it hears not what I ſay :
I ſtretch my empty arms; it glides away.
To dream once more I cloſe my willing eyes;
Ye ſoft illuſions, dear deceits, ariſe!
Alas, no more! methinks we wand'ring go
Thro' dreary waſtes, and weep each other's woe,

Where round some mould'ring tower pale ivy creeps,
 And low-brow'd rocks hang nodding o'er the deeps.
 Sudden you mount, you becken from the skies;
 Clouds interpose, waves roar, and winds arise.
 I shriek, start up, the same sad prospect find,
 And wake to all the griefs I left behind.

For thee the fates, severely kind, ordain
 A cool suspense from pleasure and from pain;
 Thy life a long dead calm of fix'd repose;
 No pulse that riots, and no blood that glows.
 Still as the sea, ere winds were taught to blow,
 Or moving spirit bade the waters flow;
 Soft as the slumbers of a saint forgiven,
 And mild as opening gleams of promis'd heaven.

Come, Abelard! for what hast thou to dread?
 The torch of Venus burns not for the dead.
 Nature stands check'd; religion disapproves;
 Even thou art cold—yet Eloïsa loves.
 Ah hopeless, lasting flames! like those that burn
 To light the dead, and warm th'unfruitful urn.

What scenes appear where'er I turn my view?
 The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
 Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
 Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
 I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee,
 Thy image steals between my God and me,
 Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
 With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
 When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
 And swelling organs lift the rising soul,

One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight:
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drown'd,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.

While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind, virtuous drops just gath'ring in my eye,
While praying, trembling, in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to Heaven; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, just mounting: from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!

No, fly me, fly me, far as Pole from Pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, denounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long lov'd, ador'd ideas, all adieu!
O Grace serene! oh Virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh blooming Hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And Faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest;
Receive and wrap me in eternal rest!

See in her cell sad Eloïsa spread,
 Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
 In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
 And more than echoes talk along the walls.
 Here, as I watch'd the dying lamps around,
 From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
 "Come, sister, come! (it said, or seem'd to say)
 "Thy place is here, sad sister, come away!
 "Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and pray'd,
 "Love's victim then, tho' now a fainted maid:
 "But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
 "Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
 "Even superstition loses every fear:
 "For God, not man, absolves our frailties here."

I come, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
 Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers.
 Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
 Where flames refin'd in breasts seraphic glow:
 Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
 And smooth my passage to the realms of day;
 See my lips tremble, and my eye-balls roll,
 Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
 Ah no—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
 The hallow'd taper trembling in thy hand,
 Present the Cross before my lifted eye,
 Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
 Ah then, thy once-lov'd Eloïsa see!
 It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
 See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
 See the last sparkle languish in my eye!

'Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er;
And even my Abelard be lov'd no more.

O Death all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we doat on, when 'tis man we love.

Then too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy,
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy)
In trance extatic may thy pangs be drown'd,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round,
From opening skies may streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine.

May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more;
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity mov'd,
"O may we never love as these have lov'd!"
From the full choir, when loud hosannas rise,
And swell the pomp of dreadful sacrifice,
Amid that scene if some relenting eye
Glance on the stone where our cold relics lie,
Devotion's self shall steal a thought from heaven,
One human tear shall drop, and be forgiven.
And sure if fate some future bard shall join
In sad similitude of griefs to mine,
Condemn'd whole years in absence to deplore,
And image charms he must behold no more;

Such if there be, who loves so long, so well;
 Let him our sad, our tender story tell!
 The well-fung woes will sooth my pensive ghost;
 He best can paint them who shall feel them most.



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